

- **ARCHILOCHUS FRAGMENTS TRANSLATION** -

Recently browsing, upon a boon! The labours of one John Lewis on some Solon Fragments, and wrote to thank him.

The art of the translator is not in enhancement if she/he can.

No! If honest in praise of other writers, to their words only our level, easy un-encumbrances must come, flavored at best by a stretched under(over)standing, if empathetic imagining, that is beyond language.

Chapman, opening one excuse for his Iliad translations, suggests the old saw: a word-for-word translation is a world of dearth many have said it was/is and must be avoided. This sends freshmen fingers to heads. Then reader on! And by the cabbage, in another piece of literary suppliance he argues from the opposite: that if anything in his translation is thought suspect, the critic may go his translation word-for-word and see where, or if in fact he erred.

Unless a wave of misunderstanding has off-set, and into the salt am tumble, I think we must be in company with Verace whenever in right minds, and abandon to excess large swaths the rest.

Greek text from Mikros Apoplous – <http://www.mikrosapoplous.gr/>

IAMBOI

FR.21 [Ed. 21] (Loeb C. Library *Greek Iambic Poetry*, Archilochus, Elegiacs, fr.21)

And before now like an ass's backbone
stood the untamed forest
packed close.

25 [Ed.24]

And therefore truly keen downthrough,
I shall have good, fairness.

26 [Ed.25] (Loeb; Archilochus, Elegiacs, fr.19)

Not with me these many riches of Gyges are a concern,
nor do I roll my eyes and shift my feet in jealousy, nor am indignant
of (G)ods' work; and I do not inquire of the tyranny.

59. All about a Gyre.

Shallow islands
25 nautical miles north
of the island of Paros.

59 [Ed.54]; (Loeb. *Greek Iambic Poetry*, Archilochus; Elegies; fr. 105)

Glaucus look! For deep in swells stirs the sea
and around it crests a Gyre that rises and stands as cloud.
A portent storm, it comes from un-safe panic.
Sleep, Glaucus, plainly.

(The sea contains depths cold.

Its rotten, fierce waves; its joined cloud.

All around a Gyre; bitter weather,

that to a very great distance lurks, speeding by). = Note taken into the text.

(Note: The Loeb suggestion of the promontory at Tenos (Tinos) which is roughly "25 nautical..." as being perhaps the same as the mythological location of Poseidon or Athene's rebuff of The Lesser Ajax, and, as well, a place of gyres in the Aegean/Mediterranean Seas or near there the proposed burial places of the washed-up body of Ajax at Myconos or Delos, all three Islands being within the 25 Nautical miles north of Paros mentioned in the lamboi fr. 59, lead me to venture: Gyrea and gyre (a thing that circles) being one and the same thing and place and a dual play on the word by the poet.)

61 [Ed.56] (Loeb. Archilochus, Trochaic Tetrameters, fr.130)

With the gods may you place all!
Often indeed evil men
standing upright on the earth
altogether fall supine and quite well going
where their backs they turned.
Then, much born into the harms
of the possessions of life,
he runs all over the course;

his judgment dangling loosely.

74. Laophile, Lover of the People.

Apparently, a plastic name.

74 [Ed.69]; (Loeb. Elegies; fr. 115)

Now, alas Leophile (Lover of All Things) it indeed begins.

The Lover of All rules! And with the Lover of All Things
all things rest. Leophile, I have heard!

(Laophile (Lover of The People) I graze you!

The Lover of The People accomplishes!

The Lover of The People judges who else is a Lover of The People.) = Note into the text.

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